

The PLEASANT
HISTORY
OF
Dorastus and Fawnia,



Pleasant for Age to Shun drowisie Thoughts.
Profitable for Youth to avoid other Wanton Pastimes,
and bringing to both a desired Content.

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*Dorastus in Love-Passion, Writes these few Lines in praise of his
Loving and best beloved Fawnia.*

AH! were she pitiful as she is fair,
or but as mild as she is seeming so:
Then were my hopes greater than my despar;
then all the World were Heaven, nothing Woe.
Ah! were her Heart relenting as her Hand,
that seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a Land
under the wide Heavens, but yet not such:
So as she shews, so seems the budding Rose,
yet sweeter far than is an Earthly Flower;
Sovereign of Beauty! like the Spray she grows,
compass'd she is with Thorns, and cankered Flower:
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She Would be gathered though she grew on Thorn.

Ah! when she sings, all Musick else be still,
for none must be compared to her Note;
Ne're breath'd such Glee from *Philomela's* Bill,
nor from the Morning-fingers swelling Throat:
Ah! when she riseth from her blisful Bed,
she comforts all the World, as doth the Sun;
And at her sight the Nights foul Vapours fled:
when she is Set, the gladsome day is done:
O Glorious Sun! imagine me the West;
Shine in my Arms, and Set thou in my Breast.

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Amongst all the Passions wherewith humane minds are perplexed, there is none that so gallerth with restless despite, as that infectious soze of Jealousie: For all other griefs are either to be appeased with sensible perswasions, to be Cured with wholesome Council, to be relieved in want, or by Tract of Time to be worn out; Jealousie only excepted, which is Sauced with Suspicious doubts and pinching mistrust, that who so seeks by friendly Counsel to raze out this passion, it forthwith suspecteth, that he giveth this advice to cover his own Guiltiness. Yea, who so is pinched with this restless Torment, doubteth all, disturbeth himself, is always frozen with fear, and fired with suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his joy, to be the breeder of his misery. Yea, it is such an heavy enemy to the happy estate of Marriage, sowing between the Married couples, such deadly Seeds of secret Hatred, as Love being once razed out by spiteful Distrust, there often issueth Bloody Revenge, as this ensuing History manifestly proberth: Wherein Pandosto (furiously incensed by a causeless Jealousie) procured the Death of his most Loving and Loyal Wife, and his own endless Sorrow.

In the Country of Bohemia, there Reigned a King called Pandosto, whose Fortune, Success in Wars against his Foe, and bountifull courtesie towards his Friends in Peace, made him be greatly feared and loved of all men.

This Pandosto had to Wife a Lady called Bellaria, by Birth Royal, Learned by Education, Fair by Nature, by Vertues Famous

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Famous : So that it was hard to judge, whether her Beauty, Fortune, or Vertue, won the greatest Commendation. These two linked together in perfect Love, led their lives with such fortunate content, that their Subjects greatly rejoiced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but fortune (willing to encrease their happiness) sent them a Son, so adorned with the gifts of Nature, as the perfection of the Child greatly augmented the Love of the Parents, and the joy of their Commons ; inso-much that the Bohemians to shew their inward joyes by outward Actions, made Bonfires and Triumphs, throughout all the Kingdom : appointed Jests and Turnies for the honour of their young Prince : Wherther resorted not only his Nobles, but also divers Kings and Princes which were his Neighbours, willing to shew their friendship they owed to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowess and Valour. Pandosto, whose mind was fraught with Princely Liberality, entertained the Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, with such submissive courtesie and magnificall bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratifie their good wills, inaking a general feast for all his Subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days, all which time the Jests and Turnies were kept, to the great content both of the Lords and Ladies there present. The Solemn Triumph being once ended, the assembly taking their leave of Pandosto, and Bellaria, the young Son (who was called Garinter) was Nursed up in his house, to the great joy and content of his Parents.

Fortune envious of such happy success, Willing to shew some sign of her Inconstancy, turned her Wheel, and darkened the bright Son of Prosperity, with the misty Clouds of mishap and misery. For it so hapned, that Egistus King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shew that neither tract of time, or distance of place, could diminish their former friendship, provided a Navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia, to visit his old friend and Companion : Who hearing of his arrival went himself in person, and his Wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great Train of Lords and Ladies to meet Egistus ; and cspying him, alighted from his Horse, embracing him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the World could have hapned more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his Wife to welcome his old friend

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friend and acquaintance ; who (to shew how she liked him whom her Husband loved) entertained him with such familiar courtesie, as Egistus perceived himself to be very welcome.

After they had thus Saluted and Embraced each other, they mounted again on horseback, and rode toward the City, devising and accounting how being Children, they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes ; where by the means of the Citizens, Egistus was received with Triumphs and Shews, in such sort, that he marvelled how on so small a warning they could make such preparation. Passing the streets thus with such rare sights, they rode on to the Palace : where Pandosto entertained Egistus & his Sicilians with such Banqueting and Supperious Cheer, so Royally, as they had all cause to commend his Princely Liberality : Yea, the very basest slave that was known to come from Sicilia was used with much courtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive how both he, and his were honoured for his friends sake.

Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of Courtesie) willing to shew how unfeignedly she loved her husband by his friends entertainment; used him likewise so familiarly, that her Countenance bewayed how her heart was affected toward him (oftentimes coming her self into his Bed-Chamber, to see if nothing should be amiss to dislike him. This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them : for Bellaria noting in Egistus a Princely and bountifull mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, there Egistus finding in her a Vertuous and Courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their Affections, that the one could not be without the company of the other : insomuch, that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affairs, that he could not be present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walk with him into the Garden, and there they two in private pleasant Devices, would pass away their time to both their contents. This Custom still continuing betwixt them ; a certain Melancholy passion entering the mind of Pandosto, drove him into sundry and doubtful thoughts.

First, he called to mind the Beauty of his Wife Bellaria, the comeliness and bravery of his friend Egistus : thinking that love was above all Law, and therefore to be stayed with no Law ; that it was hard to put Fire and Flax together without burning, that
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their open pleasure might breed his Secret Displeasure. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man, and must needs love: that his Wife was a Woman, and therefore Subject to love: and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtful thoughts a long time Smothering in his stomach, began at last to breed in his mind a secret mistrust which increased his Suspicion, grew at last to a flaming jealousy, that so tormented him, as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy: so as he began to watch them more narrowly, to see if he could get any true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful Suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures, and suspected their thoughts, and meaning, they two silly Souls, who doubted nothing of this his Treacherous intent, frequenting daily each others company: who drove him into such a Frantick passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus and a frowning Countenance to Bellaria: who marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the Moon, and to enter into a thousand thoughts, which way she should offend her husband; but finding in her self a clear Conscience, ceased to muse till such time as she might find opportunity to demand the cause of his dumps. In the mean time Pandosto's mind was so surcharged with jealousy, that he no longer doubted, but was assured, as he thought, that his friend Egistus entred a wrong point in Tables, the and so had played him false play. Whereupon desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge, with a fair and friendly Countenance; and so under the Shape of a friend, to shew him the trick of a Foe; devising with himself a long time, how he might be put away Egistus, without Suspicion of Treacherous Murder, concluded at last to poyson him. Which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass, he called to him his Cup-bearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter: Promising him for the Performante thereof, to give him a thousand Crowns of Pearly Revenue. His Cup-Bearer, either being of a good Conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a Bloody Request, began with great Reasons to perswade Pandosto

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from this determinate Mischief: shewing him what an offence Murder was to the Gods, how much unnatural actions did more displease the Heavens than men: and that causeless Cruelty did seldom or never escape without revenge: he laid before his face, that Egistus was his friend, a King, and one that was come unto his Kingdom to confirm a League of perpetual Amity betwixt them: that he had, and did shew him a most Friendly countenance: how Egistus was not only honoured of his own people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his courtesie: And that if he should now without any just or manifest Cause, poyson him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his Majesty, and a means to sow a perpetual Enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but also his own Subjects would repine at such Treacherous Cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion, (for so was his Cup-bearer called) could no whit prevail to dissuade him from his Diabolish Enterprize: But remaining resolute in his Determination, his fury being fired with rage, as it could not be appeased with reason, he began with bitter Taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two Baites, Preference and Death; saying, that if he would poyson Egistus, he would advance him to high Dignities: But if he refused to do it of an obstinate mind, no Torment should be too great to requite his Disobedience. Franion seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more, was but to strive against the stream, consented as soon as opportunity would give him leafe to dispatch Egistus, wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted Injuries: intending also as soon as Egistus was dead, to give his Wife a Sop of the same Sauce, and so to be rid of those which were the cause of his restless sorrow: while thus he lived in this hope, Franion (being secret in his Chamber) began to meditate with himself in these terms.

Ah Franion! Treason is loved of many, but the Traytor is hated of all: unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a King, and must obey at command, yet against all Law and Conscience; It is not good to resist a Tyrant with Arms, nor to please an unjust King with obedience. What shalt thou do? Folly refuseth

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Gold and Frenzy preferment. Wisdom seeketh after Dignity, and Counsel looketh for gain : Egistus is a stranger to the, and Pandosto thy Sovereign : Thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Think this Franion, that a pound of Gold is worth a tun of Lead. Great gifts are little Gods, and Preferment to a mean man is a Whetstone to courage. There is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor, lighter than report : care not then though most call thee a Traytor, so all call thee Rich. Dignity Franion advanceth thy posterity ; and evil Report can but hurt thy self. Know this, Where Eagles build, Falcons may prey ; where Lions hunt, Foxes may steal. Kings are known to command, Servants are blameless to consent : fear thou not then to list at Egistus. Pandosto shall bear the burthen ; Pea, but Franion, Conscience is a Worm that ever biteth, but never be hot ; Flesh dipped in the Sea Aegeum will never be sweet ; The Herb Trigon, being once bit with an Aspis, never groweth ; the Conscience once stained with innocent Blood is always tyed to guilty remorse. Prefer thy content before Riches, and a clear mind before Dignity ; so being poor, thou shalt have rich Peace ; or else Rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

FRANION having muttered out these, or such like words, seeing either he must dye with a clear Mind, or live with a Spotted Conscience, was so cumbred with divers Cogitations, that he could take no rest, until at the last he determined to break the matter to Egistus : but fearing that the King should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingring thus in a doubtful fear in an Evening he went to Egistus's Lodging, and desired to speak with him of certain affairs that touched the King ; after all were Commanded out the Chamber, Franion made manifest the whole Conspiracy which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a Traytor for betraying his Masters Counsel, but to think that he did it for Conscience ; hoping that although his Master inflamed with rage, or increased by some sinister reports, or slanderous Speeches, had imagined such causeless mischief, yet when time should pacifie his Anger, and
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try those Tale-bearers to be but flattering Parasites, then he would count him as a faithful servant, that with sure care had kept his Masters credit. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his Tale, but quaking fear possessed all his Limbs, thinking that there was some Treason wrought, and that Franion did but shadow his Craft with these false Colours; wherefore he began to wax in choler, and said that he doubted not Pandosto sith he was his friend, and there had never been as yet any breach of Amity, he had not sought to invade his Lands, to Conspire with his Enemies, to dissuade his Subjects from their Allegiance, but in word and thought he rested his at all times; he knew not therefore any Cause that would make Pandosto to seek his Death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him to odds. Franion staying him the midst of his talk, told him; That to dally with Princes, was with the Swans to sing against their Death; and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischief, it might have been better brought to pass, than by revealing the Conspiracy; therefore his Majesty did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, sith his intent was to hinder Treason, not to become a Traytor: And to confirm his promise, if it pleased his Majesty to fly into Sicilia, for the safeguard of his Life, he would go with him: and if then he found not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined Treachery be repayed with most Monstrous Torments. Egistus hearing the Solemn Protestations of Franion, began to consider, That in Love and Kingdoms, neither Faith nor Law is to be respected: Doubting that Pandosto thought by his Death to destroy his men, and with speedy Wars to invade Sicilia. These and such like doubts thoroughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Franion, Promising, if he might with life return to Syracuse, that he would create him a Duke in Sicilia: Craving his Counsel how he might escape out of the Country. Franion, who having some small Skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew the danger of the Sea: Joining in counsel with the Master of Egistus Navy, Rigging all their Ships, and setting them afloat, let them lye at Anchor, to be at the more readines, when time and Wind should serve. Fortune, although blind, yet by chance favouring his

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just cause, sent them within six days a good gale of Wind; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspicion, the Night before he should say, he went to him, and promised, That the next day he should put the Device in practice; for he had got such a forcible Poyson, as the very smell thereof would procure sudden Death. Pandosto was joyful to hear this good News, and thought every hour a day, till he might be glutted with this bloody revenge: but his Suit had but ill success: for Egistus fearing that delaying might breed danger, and willing that the Grass should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out of the Postern Gate of the City, so secretly and speedily, that without any Suspicion they got to the Sea-shore; where with many a bitter Curse, taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard; weighing their Anchors, and hoisting Sale, they passed as far as Wind and Sea would permit towards Sicilia; Egistus being a joyful man, that he had safely passed such Treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the Sea, Pandosto and his Citizens were in an uproar: For seeing that the Sicilians, without taking their leave, were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some Treason, and the King thought that without question his Suspicion was true, seeing the Cup-bearer had betrayed the Sum of his Secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion, and his Wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus and that the fervent affection she bare him, was the only means of his secret depature, insomuch, that incensed with rage, he commanded that his Wife should be carried straight to Prison, until they heard further of his pleasure. The Guard unwilling to lay their hands on such a Vertuous Princess, and yet fearing the Kings fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfil their Charge: Coming to the Queens Lodging, they found her playing with her Young Son Garinter; unto whom with Tears doing their message, Bellaria astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her clear Conscience a sure Advocate to plead in her cause, went to Prison most willingly; where with sighs and Tears she passed away the time, till she might come to her Tryal.

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But Pandosto, whose Reason was suppressed with Rage, and whose unbridled folly was incensed with fury ; Seeing Franion had betrayed his Secrets, and that Egistus might well be raised on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all his Wrath on poor Bellaria. He therefore caused a General Proclamation to be made throughout all his Realm ; That the Queen and Egistus had by the help of Franion, not only committed most incestuous Adultery, but also had Conspired the Kings death ; whereupon the Traytor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This Proclamation being once blazed through the Country, although the vertuous disposition of the Deen did half discredit the Contents, yet the so sudden and speedy a Voyage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the Circumstances thoroughly considered) to think, that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied ; yet they pitied her case & were sorrowful that so good a Lady should be crossed with such adverse Fortune. But the King, whose reckless rage would admit no pity, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his Wives falsehood with the bitter Plague of pinching Penury, yet his mind would never be glutted with revenge, till he might have a fit opportunity to repay the Treachery of Egistus with a fatal injury. But a Turk Cow hath oftentimes short horns, and a willing mind, but a weak arm. For Pandosto, although he felt that Revenge was a Spur to War, and that envy always profereth Steel, yet he saw that Egistus was not only of great Puissance and Prowess to withstand him, but also had many Kings of his Alliance to aid him, if need should require, for he Married the Emperors Daughter of Russia. These and the like Considerations sometimes daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injury with peace, than hunt after Revenge, Dishonour, and Loss ; determining since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all, at an unreasonable price.

Remaining thus resolute in his Determination, Bellaria continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touched with such affection, nor that Egistus had never offered her such discourtesie, would gladly have come to her Answer, that both she might have known her just Accuser, and cleared her self of that guiltless Crime.

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But Pandosto was so inflamed with Rage, and infected with jealousie, as he would not bouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just Excuse, so that she was faine to make a Vertue of her need, and with patience to bear these heavy Injuries. As thus she lay trofled with calamities (a great cause to increale her grief) she found here self quick with Child: which as soon as she felt stir in her body, she burst forth into bitter tears, exclaiming against Fortune in these Terms:

A Las, Bellaria! How unfortunate art thou, because Fortunate! Better thou hadst had boyn a Beggar, than a Prince, so wouldst thou have hidled Fortune with want, where now she sporteth her self with thy plenty. Ah happy Life! where poore thoughts and mean desires live in secure content, not fearing Fortune, because too low for Fortune. Thou seest now Bellaria, that Care is a Companion to Honour, not to Poverty: that high Cedars are crushed with Tempests, when low Shrubs are not touched with the Winds: Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when despised Pebbles lye safe in the Sand. Delphos is sought to by Princes, not Beggars: And Fortunes Altar smoaks with Kings Presents, not with poore mens Gifts. Happy are such Bellaria, that curse Fortune for contempt, not Fear; and may wish they were not, sorry they have been: Thou art a Prince, Bellaria, and yet a Prisoner: born to the one by descent, assigned to the other by despight: accaused without cause, and therefore oughtest to die without care: for patience is a shield against Fortune, and a guiltless mind yieldeeth not to Sorrow; but Infamy galleth unto Death, and lieth after Death. Repoit is plumed with Times Feathers, and Envy oftentimes soundeth Fame's Trumpet; They suspect Adultery shall fly in the Air, and thy known Vertues shall lye hid in the Earth: One Mole staineth a whole face, And what is once spotted with Infamy, can hardly be worn out with Time. Dye then Bellaria, Bellaria dye: for if the Gods should say, Thou art guiltles, yet Envy would hear the Gods, but nere believe the Gods. Oh haples Wretch because of these terms: Desperate thoughts are fit for them that fear shame, not for such as hope for credit; Pandosto hath darkened thy
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Fame, but shall never discredit thy Vertues. Suspition may enter a false Action, but proof shall never put in his Plea. Care not then for envy, sith Report hath blisters on her Tongue: and let Sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultless. But alas poor Soul, how canst thou but Sorrow! Thou art with Child, and by him, that instead of kind pity, pinched thee in cold Prison, and with that, such gasping sighs stopped her breath, that she could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streams of Tears, she passed away the time with bitter Complaints.

THe Taylor pitying those her heavy Passions, thinking that if the King knew she were with Child, he would somewhat appease his fury, and release her from Prison, went in all haste, and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was: who no sooner heard the Taylor say she was with Child, but as one possessed with a Frenzy, rose up in a Rage, Swearing that she and the Bastard Brat she went withal, should die, if the Gods themselves said no; Thinking surely by computation of time, that Egistus and not he was Father to the Child: This Suspicious thought galled afresh his half healed Soze, insomuch as he could take no rest, until he might mitigate his Choler, with a cruel Revenge, which hapned presently after Bellaria, was brought to Bed of a fair and beautiful Daughter, which no sooner Pandosto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria, and the Young Infant should be burned with fire. His Nobles hearing of the Kings cruel Sentence, sought by perswasions to divert him from his Bloody determination; laying before his Face the Innocency of the Child, and Vertuous Disposition of his Wife, how she had continually Loved and Honoured him so tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not appeach her of that Crime: And if she had faulted, yet it were more Honourable to pardon with Mercy, than to punish with extremity; and more kindly to be commended of pity, than to discredit her. And as for the Child, if he would punish it for the Mothers Offence, it were to strike against Nature, and Justice, and that unnatural Actions do more offend the Gods, than

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than men. How causeless Cruelty against innocent Blood never escaped without revenge. These and such like Reasons could not appease his Rage, but he rested resolute in this, That Bellaria, being an Adulteress, the Child was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an Infamous Boy should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his Nobles were so importunate upon him) he was content to spare the Childs life, and yet to put it to a worse Death; For he found out this Device, That seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, So he would commit it to the Charge of Fortune, and therefore he caused a little Cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the Babe, and then send him to the mercies of the Seas, and the Destinies: From this his Peers in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Guard to fetch the Child; who being come to the Prison, and with weeping Tears, recounting their Masters Message; Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her merciless Husband, but she fell down in a Swoond, so that all thought she had been dead: yet at last being come to her self, she cryed and shrieked out in this wise.

A Las sweet unfortunate Babe, scarce born, before envied by Fortune! Would the day of thy Birth had been the term of my life; then wouldst thou have made an end of care, and prevented thy Fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful Revenge; thy days are too short for so sharp a Doom: but thy untimely death must pay thy Mothers doubts, and her guiltless Crime must be thy gally Curse. And shalt thou sweet Babe, be committed to Fortune when thou art already spighted by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy Harbour, and the hard Boat thy Cradle? Shall thy tender mouth instead of Sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter storms? Shalt thou have the whistling Winds for thy Lullaby, and the Salt Sea foam instead of Sweet Milk? Alas! What Destinies would assign such hard hap? What Father would be so cruel? Or what Gods will not Revenge such rigour? Let me kiss thy Lips, sweet Infant, and wet thy tender Cheeks with my Tears, and put this Chain about thy little neck; that if Fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee. Thus
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Since thou must go to surge on the gaskful Seas, with a sorrowful
Kiss I bid thee farewel, and I pray the Gods thou mayst fare-
wel, such, and so great was her grief, that her vital Spirits
being suppressed with sorrow, we fell again down into a Trance,
having her Senses so stopped with care, that after she was re-
vived, yet she lost her Memory, and lay for some time without
moving, as one in a Trance: The Guard left her in this
perplexity, and carried the Child to the King, who quite devoid
of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put into the
Boat, having neither Sail nor Rudder to guide it, and so to
be carried into the midst of the Sea, and there left to the Winds
and the Waves: as the Destinies please to Appoint. The
very Ship-men seeing the sweet countenance of the young Babe
began to accuse the King of Rigour, and to pity the Childs hard
Fortune: but fear constrained them to that which their Nature
did abhor. So that they placed it in one of the ends of the Boat,
and with a few green Boughs made a homely Cabin to shroud
it as well as they could from Wind and Weather. Having thus
trimm'd the Boat, they tyed it to a Ship, and so bailed it to the
main Sea, and then cut in sunder the Cord; which they had no
sooner done, but there arose a mighty Tempest, which tossed the
little Boat so vehemently in the Waves, that the Ship-men
thought it could not continue long without sinking. For the
Storm grew so great, that with great labour and peril they got to
the Shore. But leaving the Child to her Fortunes, we will re-
turn to Pandosto; who not yet glutted with sufficient Revenge,
devised which way he should best increase his Wives Calamity.
But first assembling the Nobles and Counsellors, he called her (for
the more reproach) in open Court, Where it was objected against
her, That she had committed Adultery with Egistus, and conspired
with Franion to poison Pandosto her Husband, but their Pre-
sence being partly espied, they Counsell'd him to fly away by
night for their better safety: Bellaria (who standing like a
Prisoner at the Bar, and feeling in her self a clear Conscience
to withstand her false Accusers) seeing no less than Death could
pacifie her Husbonds Wrath, wared bold, and desired that
she might have Law and Justice: (for mercy she neither craved
nor hoped) and that these perjured Wretches which had falsely

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accused her before the King, might be brought before her face to give in evidence. Pandosto (whose Rage and Jealousie was such, as no reason nor equity could appeale) told her, That for her Accusers, they were of such credit, as their words were sufficient Witness, and that the sudden and secret flight of Egistus and Frannion, confirmed that which they had confessed: and as for her, it was her part to deny such a monstrous Crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault; but her countenance should stand for no Coyne; for as the Bastard which she had been served, so she should with some cruel death be requited. Bellaria no whit dismayed with this rough Reply, told her Husband Pandosto, that he spake upon Choler, and not Conscience; for her vertuous Life had even been such, as no spot of Suspicion could ever stain it. And if she had born a friendly Countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection; therefore if she were condemned without any further proof, it was Rigour, and not Law. The Noblemen which late in Judgment, said: That Bellaria spake reason; and intreated the King that her Accusers might be openly examined and sworn; if then the Evidence were such as the Jury might find her guilty, (for seeing she was a Princess, she ought to be tryed by the Peers) then let her have such Punishment as the Extremity of the Law will assign to such Malefactors. The King presently made Answer, that in this case he might and would dispense with the Law; And that the Jury being once pannelled, they should take his word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The Noblemen seeing the King in Choler were all whist: But Bellaria, whose life hung in the Ballance, fearing more perpetual Infamy than momentary death, told the King of his fury might stand for a Law, that it were in vain to have the Jury yield their Verdict: and thereupon she fell down upon her knees, and desired the King, that for the love he bare to his Young Son Garter, whom she brought into the World, that he would grant her Request, the which was this: That it would please his Majesty to send six of his Noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the Isle of Delphos, There to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed

Adultery

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Adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Franion: and if the God Apollo, who by his Divine Essence knoweth all secrets, gave answer that she was guilty, she was content to suffer any Torment, were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable, that Pandosto for shame could not deny it, unless he would be counted of all his Subjects more Willful than Wise. He therefore agreed, that with as good speed as might be, there should be certain Ambassadors dispatch'd to the Isle of Delphos: and in the mean time he commanded that his Wife should be kept in close Prison. Bellaria having attained this grant, was more careful of her little Baby that floated on the Seas, than sorrowful for her own mishap; for of that she doubted; but of her self she was assured; knowing that if Apollo should give sentence according to the thoughts of her heart, yet the Sentence should go on her side, such was the clearness of her mind, in this case. But Pandosto (whose Suspicious heart still remained in one Song) chose out six of his Nobility, whom he knew were scarce indifferent men in the Queens behalf; and providing all things fit for their Journey, sent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfil the Kings Command, and desirous to see the Situation and Custom of the Island, dispatched their affairs with as much speed as might be, and Embarked themselves for the Voyage: which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soon ended. For within three weeks they arrived at Delphos: where they were no sooner set on Land, and with great Devotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering Sacrifice unto the God, and Gifts to the Priests, as the custom was, they humbly craved an answer of their demands. They had not long kneeled at the Altar, but Apollo, with a loud voice said: Bohemians, What ye find behind the altar, take, and depart. They forthwith obeyed the Oracle, found a Scroll of Parchment, wherein were written these words in Letters of Gold.

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Suspition is no Proof; Jealousie is an unequal Judge; *Bellaria* is Chaste, *Egistus* Blameless, *Franion* a True Subject, *Pandosto* Treacherous, his Babe innocent: and the King shall Dye without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.

AS soon as they had taken out this Scrowl, the Priest of the God commanded them that they should not presume to read it before it came to the presence of Pandosto, unless they would incur the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian Lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the Priest, with great reverence departed out of Temple, and went to their Ships: and as soon as Wind would permit them, sailed towards Bohemia, where in short time they safely arrived, and with great Triumph issuing out of their Ships, went to the Kings Palace, whom they found in his Chamber accompanied with other Noblemen. Pandosto no sooner saw them, but with a merry Countenance he welcomed them home, asking them wat news? They told his Majesty, they had received an answer of the God, written in a Scrowl; but with this charge, that they should not read the Contents before they came in the presence of the King; and with that they delivered him the Parchment. But his Noblemen intreated him, that sith therein was contained either the safety of his wifes Life and Honesty, or her perpetual Death and Infamy; that he would have his Nobles and Commons assembled in the judgment Hall, where the Queen (brought in as a Prisoner) should hear the Contents: if she were found guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all should have cause to think his Rigour proceeded of due desert; if her Grace were found fruitless, then she should be cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the King, so that he appointed the day, and assembled all the Lords and Commons, and caused the Queen to be brought in before the Judgment Seat, Commanding that the Indictment should be read: Wherein she was accused of Adultery with *Egistus*, and of Conspiracy with *Franion*: *Bellaria* hearing the Contents, was no whit astonished, but made this chearful Answer: If

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IF the Divine Powers are privy to humane actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience will make Fortune blush, and my unsupported life shall stain spightful discredit. For although lying report hath sought to impeach mine honour, and suspicion hath intended to spoil my credit with infamy; yet where vertue keepeth the Fort, Report and Suspicion may assail, but never sack. Now I have led my life before Egistus coming, I appeal (Pandosto) to the Gods, and to thy Conscience. What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveal. That I lov'd Egistus I cannot deny; that I honoured him I shame not to confess. To the one I was forced to by his Vertue, to the other for his Dignities. But as touching lascivious Lust, I say. Egistus is honest, and hope my self to be found without spot, For Franion I can neither accuse him, nor excuse him, I was not privy to his departure: And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer my self to the Divine Oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner said, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes should read the Contents of the Scrowl, which after his Command having heard, they gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands, that the Queen was clear of that false Accusation. But the King, whose Conscience was a witness against him of his witless fury, and false suspected jealousy, was so ashamed of his rash folly, that he intreated his Nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget those injuries, promising not only to shew himself a Loyal and loving Husband, but also to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion: revealing then before them all, the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his Death, if the good mind of his Cup bearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his Young Son Garter was suddenly dead: which news, as soon as Bellaria heard, surecharged before with extream joy, and now suppressed with heavy sorrow, her vital Spirits were stopped that she fell down presently dead, and never could be revived. This sudden sight so appeared the Kings senses, that he sunk from his seat in a swoond, so as he was fain to be carried by his Nobles to his Palace

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Palace, where he lay for the space of three days without Speech. His Commons were as men in despair, so diversly distressed, that there was nothing but Mourning and Lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: their young Prince Dead, their vertuous Queen bereaved of her life, and their King and Sovereign in great hazard. This tragical discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadows, not men: yet somewhat to comfort their heaby hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himself, and had recovered his speech; who, as in fury brayed forth these bitter Speeches:

O Miserable Pandosto! What surer Witnes than Conscience? What thoughts more sowre than Suspition? What Plague more bad than Jealousie; unnatural Actions offend the Gods more than men, and causeless cruelty never escapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloody Fact as Repent I may, but recal I cannot. Ah Jealousie! a Hell to the Mind, and a horror to the Conscience, suppressing reason, and melting rage: a worse passion than Frenzy, a greater Plague than Madnes. Are the Gods just? then let them revenge such brutish cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drowned in the Seas, my loving Wife I have slain with slanderous Suspition, my Trusty Friend I have sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slack to Plague such offence. Ah just Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault; why should Garinter (lilly Child) abide the pain? Well! sith the Gods mean to prolong her days, to increase my dolour, I will offer my guilty Blood a Sacrifice to those Guileless Souls, whose lives are lost by rigorous folly: and with that he reached at a Rapier to have murdered himself; but his Pærs being present, stayed him from such a bloody Act; perswading him to think that the Common-wealth consisteth on his safety, and that those sheep could not but perish that wanted a Shepherd: wishing, that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have a care of his Subjects; and to put such fancies out of his mind, sith in Sores past help, Salves do not heal, but hurt; and in things past Cure, Care is a corrosive. With these and such like perswasions, the King was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his mind: so that as soon as he could go abroad, he caused his Wife to be imbalmed,
and

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and wrapt in Lead with her young Son Garinter : Erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein he entomb'd them both : making such Solemn Obsequies at her Funeral, as all Bohemia might well perceive he did greatly repent him of his fore-past Folly : causing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tomb in Letters of Gold.

The Epitaph.

Here lyes Entomb'd *Bellarina* fair,
Falsly accus'd to be Unchast :
Clear'd by *Apollo's* Sacred Doom,
Yet slain by Jealousie at last.

What e're thou be that passest by,
Curse him that caus'd this Queen to dy.

This Epitaph being Engraven, Pandosto would once a day repair to the Tomb, and there with watry Plants bewail his misfortune ; coveting no other Company but Sorrow ; and no other remedy but Repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shew the Tragical Discourse of the young Infant.

Who being tossed with wind and waves, floated two whole days without succour, ready at every puff to be drowned in the Sea ; till at the last the Tempest ceased, and the little Boat was driven with the Tyde unto the Coast of Sicilia, where sticking upon the Sands, it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton (willing to shew that as she hath wrinkles on her Brows, so she hath dimples in her Cheeks) thought after so many sorrowful looks to send a feigned smile ; and after a puffing storm, to bring a pretty calm, she began thus to dally. It fortun'd a poor mercenary Shepherd that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other mens flocks, missed one of his Sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the Wolves

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or Eagles had undone him (for he was so poor, as a Sheep was half his substance) wandred down towards the Sea-cliffs, to see if perchance the Sheep was browsing on the Sea-Ivy, whereupon they do gently feed. But not finding it there, as he was ready to return to his Flock, he heard a Child cry; but knowing there was no House neer, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly as he cast his Eyes to the Sea, he espied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively listened) he might hear a cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the Boat; as he looked in, he saw a little Babe, lying all alone, ready to dye for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly Embroidered with Gold, and having a Chain about her neck. The Shepherd who had never before seen so faire a Babe, nor so rich Jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little God, and began with great Devotion to knock on his Breast. The Babe who writhed with her head to seek for the Papp, began again to cry afresh: whereby the poor man knew that it was a Child, which by some sinister means was driven thither by distrels of Weather: marvelling why such a silly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chain could not but be born of Noble Parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poor Shepherd perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined with himself to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up according to the Worthiness of the Birth, for his ability could not afford to Foster it, though his mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his arms, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the Cold, there fell down at his feet a very faire and rich Purse, wherein he found a great Sum Gold, which sight so revived the Shepherds Spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with Fear; joyful to see such a Sum in his Power, Fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further danger. Necessity wight him at the least to retain the Gold, though he would not keep the Child: the simplicity of his Conscience frighted him from such a deceitful usbery. Thus was the poor man perplexed with a doubtful Dilemma, until at last the cove touness of the Coyne overcame him; for what will not the

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the greedy desire of Gold cause a Man to do? So that he was resolved in himself to Foster the Child; and with the sum to Relieve his want: Resting thus resolved in this point, he left seeking the Sheep, and as covertly, and as secretly as he could, went a by-way home to his house, lest any of his Neighbours should perceive his carriage. As soon as he was come home, entering in at the door, the Child began to cry, which his Wife hearing, and perceiving her Husband with a young Babe in his Arms, began to be somewhat Jealous; yet marvelled her Husband should be so wanton abroad, sith he was so quiet at home: But as Women are naturally given to believe the worst; so his Wife thinking it was some Bastard, began to crow against the God-man, and taking up a Tudgel (for the most Master went Breachless) Swore solemnly that she would make Clubs Trump, if he brought any Bastard Bat within her Door: The God-man seeing his Wife in her Majesty, with her Face in her hand, thought it was time to bow, for fear of blows, and desired her to be quiet, for there was no such matter, but if she would hold her peace, they were made for ever; and thereupon he presently told her the whole matter, how he had found the Child in a little Boat, without any succour, wrapped up in that costly Mantle, and having the Rich Chain about her Neck; but at last when he shewed her the Purse full of Gold, she began to simper somewhat sweetly, and taking her Husband about his Neck, killed him after her homely fashion, saying, That she hoped God had seen their want, and now meant to relieve their Poverty; and seeing they could get no Children, had sent them this little Babe to be their Heir. Take heed in any case (said the Shepheard) that you be secret, and not blab it out when you meet with your Gossips, for if you do, we are like not only to lose the Gold and Jewels, but our other Goods, and perhaps our Lives: Tush (quoth his Wife) Profit is a good Hatch before the door; fear not I have divers other things to talk of than this, but I pray you let us lay up the money surely and the Jewels, lest by any mishap it be espied. After that they had set all things in order, the Shepheard went to his Sheep, with a merry Note, and the good wife learned to sing Lullaby at home, with her young Babe wrapped in a homely Blanket instead of a Rich and costly Mantle, nourishing it so cleanly and carefully as it began to be a jolly Girl: insomuch that they

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began both of them to be very fond of it : and as it waxed in age, so it encreased in beauty : The Shepherd every night at his coming home, would sing and dance it upon his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak, and call him Dad, and her Mam. At last, when it grew to riper Years, that it was about seven Years Old, the Shepherd left keeping of other mens Sheep, and with the money he found in the Purse he bought him the Lease of a pretty Farm, and got a small Flock of Sheep : which when Fawnia (for so they named the Child) came to the age of ten Years, he set her to keep Sheep, and she with such diligence performed her charge, as the Sheep prospered marvellously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her Father, and Mopsa her Mother, (who so was the Shepherd and his Wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with such Reverence, as all the neighbours praised the Dutiful obedience of the Child. Porrus grew in a short time to be a man of wealth and credit : For Fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase Land; intending after his death to give it to his Daugther : so that divers rich Farmers Sons came as Wivers to his house. For Fawnia was something cleanly attired, being of such singular Beauty and excellent Wit, that who saw her would have thought she had been some Heavenly Nymph, and not a mortal Creature ; Inasmuch, that when she came to the age of fifteen years, she so increased with exquisite perfection both of Body and Mind, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high Parentage. But the People thinking she was the Daugther of a Shepherd ; Porrus rested only amazed at her Beauty and Wit. Yea, she won such labour and commendations in every mans eye, as her Beauty was not only praised in her Country, but also spoken of in the Court. Yet was such her submiss modesty, that although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed up with Pride, but humbled her self as became a Country Maid and the Daugther of a poor Shepherd. Every day she went forth with her Sheep to the Fields, keeping them with such care and diligence as all men saw she was very painful. She defended her face from the heat of the Sun with no other vail, but with a Garland made of Boughs and flowers ; Which Attire became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the Goddess Flora her self for beauty.

Fortune

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Fortune who all this while had shewed a friendly face, began now to turn her back, and to shew a lowering Countenance; intending as he had given Fawnia a slender check, so he would give her a harder mate. To hying which to pass, he laid her train out this wise: Egistus had but one only Son called Dorastus: About the age of twenty years; a Prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of Nature, so fraught with beauty and vertuous Qualities, as not only his Father joyed to have so good a Son, but his Commons rejoiced that God had sent them so Noble a Prince to succeed in the Kingdom. Egistus placing all his joy in the perfection of his Son (seeing that he was now Marriageable) sent Ambassadors to the King of Denmark, to intreat a Marriage between him and his Daughter, who willingly consenting, made answer, That the next Spring, if it pleased Egistus with his Son to come into Denmark, he doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus resting satisfied with this friendly answer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it unto his Son. Finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he spake to him in these Fatherly terms.

Dorastus, Thy Youth warneth me to prevent the Word, and mine Age to prevent the best. Opportunities neglected are signs of Folly. Actions measured by Time are seldom bitten with Repentance. Thou art Young, and I old; Age hath taught me that which thy Youth cannot conceive.

I therefore will advise thee as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a Child. Thou seest my white hairs are Blossoms for the Grave and thy fresh colours, fruit for Time and Fortune: so that it bebothereth me to think how to die, and for thee to care how to live. My Crown I must leave by Death; and thou enjoy my Kingdom by Succession.

Wherein, I hope, Vertue and Powers shall be such, as though my Subjects want my Person, yet shall see in thee my Perfection. That nothing may fail either to satisfie the Mind, or encrease the Dignities, the only care I have, is to see thee well Married before I die, and thou become Old.

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Dorastus (who from his Infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the field, than to dally with Venus in the Chamber) fearing to displease his Father, and yet not willing to be Wiled, made him this Reverend Answer:

SIR, There is no greater Bond than Duty, nor no stricter Law than Nature: Disobedience in Youth, is often galled with despight in Age. The Command of a Father ought to be a constraint to the Child: So Parents Wills are so much Laws that they pass all Laws: May it please your Grace therefore, to appoint whom I shall love, rather than by denial I should be impeached of disobedience. I rest content to love, though it be the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his Son to fly so far beyond the Mark, began to be somewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this Answer.

WHat Dorastus, canst thou not love? Cometh this Cynical passion of proud desire, or peevish forwardness? What dost thou think thy self too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter than Youth, nor swifter decreasing, but not recalled. If thou marry in Age, thy Wifes fresh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts, and suspicion; and thy White hairs her loathsomness and sorrow. For Venus Affections are not fed with Kingdoms or Treasures, but with Youthful Conceits, and sweet Amours: Vulcan was allotted to shake the Tree, but Mars allowed to Reap the Fruit.

Wield (Dorastus) to to thy Fathers perswasions, which may prevent thy perils: I have chosen thee a Wife, fair by Nature, Loyal by Birth, by Vertues Famous, Learned by Education, and Rich by Possessions: So that it is hard to judge, whether her Bounty or Fortune, her Beauty or Vertue be of greater Force; I mean (Dorastus) Euphania, Daughter and Heir to the King of Denmark.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his Son should make him answer, and seeing that he stood still as one in a Trance, he took him up thus sharply.

Dorastus and Fawnia.

WHEN (Dorastus) take heed, the Tree Alypta waileth not with fire, but withereth with Dew; that which Love nourisheth not, perisheth with Hate. If thou like Euphania thou breedest my content, and in loving her, thou shalt have my love; otherwise, thou shalt always be a cause of very much discontent unto me. And with that he flung from his Son in a rage, leaving him a sorrowful man, in that he had by denial displeased his Father, and half angry with himself, that he could not yield to that passion, whereto both reason, and his Father perswaded him. But see how Fortune is plumed with Times Feathers, and how she can minister strange causes to breed strange effects.

It hapned not long after this, That there was a meeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the Maids of the Feast, who having attired her self in her best Garments, went among the rest of her Companions to a merry meeting: there spending the day in such homely pastimes as Shepherds use. As the Evening drew on, and their sport ceased, each taking their leaue of other, Fawnia desiring one of her Companions to bear her company, went home by the Flock to see if they were folded. And as they returned, it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that day had been a Hawking, and killing store of Game) encountred by the way these two Maids, fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal Creature.

As thus he stood in amaze, one of his Pages told him, that the Maid with the Garland on her head was Fawnia, that fair Shepherdess, whose Beauty was so much talked of in the Court. Dorastus desirous to see if Nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as she had decked her Body with outward Shape; began to Question with her, whose Daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up? Who answered him with such modest Reverence, and sharpness of Wit, that Dorastus thought her outward Beauty was but a Counterfeit to darken her inward qualities: Wondering how so Courtey Behaviour could be found in so simple a Cottage; and cursing Fortune, that had shadowed Wit and Beauty with such
hard

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hard Fortune. As thus he held her a long time in that, beauty seeing him at a discover, thought not to lose the vantage, but struck him so deeply with an invenom'd Shaft, as he wholly lost his Liberty and became a Slave to Love, who before contemned Love; glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdess, who before refused the offer of a rich Princess. For the perfection of Fawnia had so filled his Fancy, as he felt his mind greatly changed, and his affections altered: cursing Love that he had wrought such a Change, and blaming the baseness of his mind that would make such a choice. But thinking these were but passionate toys that might be thrust out at pleasure: to avoid the Syren that enchanted him, he Spurs his Horse, and had his fair Shepherdess farewel.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely Gesture of Dorastus) seeing his face so well featured, and each Limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his Perfection; commending him so long, till she found her self faulty, and perceiving if she waded but a little further, she might slip over the Stones. She therefore seeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and feigned her self not well at ease, got her to bed; where casting a Thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest: For if she awaked, she began to call in mind his Beauty; and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his Perfection. Pestered with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as well as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a Flea in his Ear, could not by any means forget the sweet Labour of Fawnia) but being so overcome with her Wit and Beauty, as he could take no Rest. He felt Fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind ready to yield as Vanquished, yet he began with divers Considerations to suppress his Frantick Affection; calling to mind, that Fawnia was but a Shepherdess; one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince, much less to be beloved of such a Potentate; Thinking what a discredit it were to himself, and what a grief it would be to his Father: Blaming Fortune, and accusing his own Folly, that he should be so fond as but once cast a glance at such a Country Girl. And as
thus

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thus he was raging against himself, Love (fearing if she dallied long to lose her Champion) kept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh wound, as it pierced him to the heart, that he was fain to yield, inaufrage his force, and to forsake the Company, and get him to his Chamber, where being solemnly set, he burst into these passionate Terms.

Ah Dorastus! art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art filled with the unacquainted Passions. Yield to fancy thou canst not, by thy Fathers Counsel; but in a Frenzy thou art by just Desires. Thy Father were content if thou couldst love; and thou therefore discontent because thou dost love. O Divine Love; fear'd of Men, because honoured of Gods: not to be suppressed by Wisdom, because not to be comprehended by Reason, without Law and therefore above Love.

How then Dorastus! Why dost thou blaze that with Praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses; Yet why should they curse Love, who are in Love.

Blush Dorastus at thy Fortune, thy Choice, thy Love: Thy Thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy Affections without Discredit. Ah Fawnia! Sweet Fawnia! thy Beauty Fawnia.

Shamest thou not Dorastus, to name one unfit for thy Birth, thy Dignities, thy Kingdoms? Die Dorastus, Dorastus die: Better had'st thou perisht with high Deares, then live in base Thoughts. Yet, but Beauty must be obeyed because it is Beauty: Yet famed of the Gods to feed the Eye, not to scatter the Heart.

Ah, but he that striketh against Love, smiteth with them of Scyrum against the Wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh against the Steel. I will therefore obey, because I must obey; Fawnia, yea Fawnia, shall be my Fortune in spite of Fortune: The Gods above disdain not to love Women beneath. Phœbus liked Jupiter, Daphne, Jove; and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferiour to these in Birth, but far superiour to them in Beauty; hoyn to be a Shepherdess, but worthy to be a Goddess.

Ah Dorastus! Wilt thou forget thy self, as to suffer Affection

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to suppress Wisdom, and love violate thine Honour? How sorrowe will thy choice be to thy Father, sorrowful to thy Subjects, to thy Friends a grief, most glad some to thy foes? Subdue then thy affection, and cease to love her whom thou couldst not love, unless blinded with too much Love. Tush, talk to the Wind, and in seeking to prevent the Causes, I further the Effects, I will yet praise Fawnia, honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day follow Content, not Counsel. Do Dorastus, thou canst repent: and with that the Page came into the Chamber; whereupon he ceased from Complaints, hoping that time would were out what Fortune had wrought.

As thus he was painted, so poor Fawnia was diversly perplexed; for the next morning getting up very early, she went to her sheep: thinking with hard labours to pass away her newly conceived Amours, beginning very busily to divide them into the field, and then to shift the folds. At last wearied with toyl, she sat her down, where (poor Soul!) she was more tired with fond affection: For Love began to assault her, insomuch, that as she sat upon the side of a Hill, she began to accuse her own folly in these terms.

In fortunate Fawnia, and therefore infortunate, because Fawnia, thy Shepherds Hook sheweth thy poor estate; thy proud Desires, thy aspiring mind; the one declareth thy want, the other thy Pride. No Bastard Hawk must soe so high as the Hobby, no Fowl gaze against the Sun, but the Eagle: Actions wrought against Nature, reap dispute: thoughts above Fortune, disdain.

Fawnia, thou art a Shepherdes, Daughter to poor Porrus: if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand; if thou climb, thou art like to fall. The Herb Anata growing higher than six inches, becometh a weed. Nilus flowing more than twelve Cubits, procureth a dearth. Daring affections that pass measure, are cut short by time or Fortune. Suppress then (Fawnia) those thoughts, which thou mayst shame to express. But ah Fawnia Love is a Lord, who will command by Power, and constrain by force.

Dorastus

Dorastus and Fawnia.

Dorastus, ah Dorastus is the man I love : the worse is thy hap,
and the less cause thou hast to hope. Will Eagles catch at flies? will
Cedars stoop at Brambles; Or mighty Princes look at such home-
ly Truils? No, no, think this, Dorastus's disdain is greater than
thy desire. He is a Prince respecting his honour; thou a Beggars
But forgetting thy calling: Cease then not only to say, but to
think to love Dorastus, and dissemble thy Love Fawnia: for bet-
ter it were to die with grief, than to live with shame. Yet in
despight of Love, I will sigh to see if I can sigh out Love.

Fawnia, somewhat appeasing her griefs with these pithy per-
suasions, began after her wonted manner, to walk about her heay,
and to keep them from straying into the corn, suppressing her af-
fection with the due consideration of her base Estate, and with the
impossibilities of obtaining her desire; thinking it were Frenzy
(not fancy) to covet that which the very Destinies deny her to ob-
tain.

But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions: for Love
so fiercely assailed him, that neither Company nor Musick could
mitigate his Martyrdom, but rather far the more increase the
Malady. Some would not let him crave Counsel in this case:
nor Fear of his Fathers displeasure reveal it to any secret friend,
but he was fain to make a secretary of himself, and to partici-
pate his thoughts with his own troubled Mind. Lingring thus
a while in doubtful suspense, at last stealing secretly from the
Court, without either Man or Page, he went to see if he could
espy Fawnia walking abroad in the field. But as one having a
great deal more skill to retrieve the Partridge with the Spaniels.
than to hunt after such a Prey; he sought, but was little the bet-
ter. Which ev' s luck drove him into a great choler, that he be-
gan to accuse both Love and Fortune: But as he was ready to
retire, he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a hill.
making a Garland of such homely flowers as the field did af-
ford: This sight so revived his Spirits, that he drew nigh with
more judgment to take a view of her singular perfection, which he
found to be such as in the Country Attire she stained all the Court-
ly Dainties of Sicilia.

While thus he stood gazing with piercing looks on her sur-
passing Beauty, Fawnia cast her Eye aside, and espied Dorastus,
which

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which sudden sight made the poor Girl to blush, and to dye her Chrystal Cheeks with the Vermillion red : Which gave her such a grace, as she seemed far more beautiful : and with that she rose up, saluting the Prince with such modest Courtesies, as he wondered how a Country Maid could afford such comely Behaviour. Dorastus repaying her Courtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parley with her in this manner.

FAIR Maid (quoth he) either your want is great, or a Shepherds life is very sweet ; that your delight is in such Country Labours, I cannot conceive what pleasure you should take, unless you mean to imitate the Nymphs, being your self so like a Nymph : To put me out of doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a Shepherds Life, and what pleasure you have to counterball these drudging Labours. Fawnia with blushing face made him this Answer.

SIR, what richer state than content ? Or what sweeter life than quiet ? We Shepherds are not born to Honour, nor beholding unto Beauty, the less care have we to fear Fame or Fortune. We count our Airs brave enough, if warm enough ; and our Food dainty, if to suffice Nature. Our greatest Enemy is the Wolf, our only care is safe keeping our flock : instead of Courtly ditties, we spend the days with Country Songs, our amorous Conceits are homely thoughts ; delighting as much to talk of Pan, and his country pranks, as Lovers to tell of Venus, and her wanton toys. Our toil is in shifting our Folds, and looking Pleasures ; our greatest wealth, not to covet ; our honour, not to climb ; our quiet, not to care : Envy looketh not so low as Shepherds ; Shepherds gaze not so high as Ambition ; We are rich, in that we are poor with content ; and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

This witty Answer of Fawnia, so inflamed Dorastus Fancy, that he commended himself for making so good a Choice : thinking if her Birth were answerable to her Wit and Beauty, that she were a fit Mate for the most Famous Prince in the

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the World. He therefore began to list her more narrowly on this manner.

FAwnia, I see thou art content with Country labours, because thou knowest not Courtly pleasures: I commend thy wit, and pity thy want. But wilt thou forsake thy Fathers Cottage, to serve a Courtly Mistress?

Sir (quoth she) Beggars ought not to strive against fortune, nor to gaze against honour, lest either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toil for the Court, not in the Court; my Name unfit for their Patience: better live in mean degree, than in high disdain.

Well said Fawnia (quoth Dorastus) I guess at thy thoughts, thou art in love with some Country Shepherd.

No Sir (quoth she) Shepherds cannot love, they are so simple; and Maids may not love, they are so young.

May therefore (quoth Dorastus) Maids must love, because they are young: for Cupid is a Child, and Venus the old, is painted with fresh colours.

I grant (saith she) Age may be painted with new shadows, and youth may have imperfect affections: but what art concealer in one, ignorance revealer in another. Dorastus seeing Fawnia hold him so hard, thought to have given her a fresh charge; but he was so prevented by certain of his men, who minding their Master, came posting to seek him, seeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew so nigh that they might hear their talk, he used these speeches.

Why Fawnia, perhaps I love thee, and then thou must needs yield, for thou knowest I can command and constrain. Tush Sir. (quoth she) but not to love; for constrained Love is force, not Love. And know this Sir, mine honesty is such, as I had rather die, than be a Concubine even unto a King; and my Birth is so base, as I am unfit to be a Wife unto a poor Farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canst not love Dorastus. Yes, said Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a Shepherd. And with that the presence of his men broke off their parley, so that he went with them to the place, and left Fawnia sitting still on the hill side; who seeing that the night grew on, shifted her folds, and busied her self about

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other work, to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her brain. But all this could not prevail, for the Beauty of Dorastus had made such a deep impression on her heart, as could not be worn out with a small matter ; So that she was faine to blame her own folly in this case.

A Fawnia! Why dost thou gaze against the Sun, or catch at the Wind? Stars are to be looked at with the Eye, not reached at with the hand: Thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires: Falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, shall all fear to fall, because some hap to fall? No luck cometh by lot, and Fortune windeth those Threads which the Destinies spin.

Thou art favoured Fawnia of a Prince; and yet thou art so fond to reject desired Favours. Thou hast denial at thy tongues end, and desire at thy hearts bottom. A Womans fault, to spurn at wit with her foot, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand; Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia: and yet seemest to loathe. Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: For unless he love, thou canst but die. Die then Fawnia, for Dorastus doth but jest. The Lyon never preyeth on the Mouse, nor do Falcons stoop at dead Stales. Sit down then in this sorrow: cease to love, and content thy self, that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, tho not to fancy Fawnia.

Hey hoe! Oh Fool, it were seemlier for thee to whistle as a Shepherd, than to sigh as a Lover. And with that she ceased from these perplexed Passions, folding her Shep, and hying home to her poor Cottage. But such was the constant sorrow of Dorastus, to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia: and to see how fond he was, being a Prince, and how sorrowful she was, being a Beggar, that he began to lose his wanted appetite, to look pale and wan; instead of mirth, he fed on melancholy; for Courtly Dances, he used cold Dumps; insomuch, that not only his own men, but his Father and all the Court began to marvel at his sudden change, thinking that some lingering sickness had brought him in this state: Wherefore he caused Physicians to come. But Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his Urine; but remained still so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in him-

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himself a further inconducence. His Honour wished him to cease from such idle fancies; but Love forced him more to follow. Fancy; yea, and in despite of Honour, love won the Conquest; so that his hot desire, caused him to find new Services: For he presently made himself a Shepherds Coat, that he might go unknown, and with less Suspicion, to prattle with Fawnia, and conveyed it very secretly into a thick Grove, hard adjoyning unto the Palace, whither finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely Apparel, gat on those Shepherds Robes, and taking a great Hook in his hand, (which he also had gotten) went very demurely to find out the Mistress of his affection. But as he was going along, and seeing himself clad in such unbecoming and unseemly Rags, he began to smile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondness in these terms.

WELL, said Dorastus, thou keepest a good De cozun, hase desires, and homely Attires; thy thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, and thy Apparel such as only becomes a Shepherd. A strange change, from a Prince to a Peasant! What, is it thy wretched Fortune, or wilful Folly; is it thy cursed Destinies, or thy crooked Desires, that appoint thee this Penance? Ah Dorastus! thou canst but love, and unless thou love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet fond Fool, chuse Flowers, not Weeds; Diamonds, not Pebbles; Ladies which may honour thee, not Shepherds which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in Silks, not in Rags; and Cupid treadeth on Mildain, when he reacheth at Dignity. And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy Shepherds Weed; the Heavenly Gods have sometimes Earthly Thoughts: Neptune became a Ram; Jupiter a Bull; Apollo a Shepherd; they Gods, and yet in Love; and thou appointed to love.

Devising this with himself, he drew nigh to the place where his beloved Fawnia was keeping her Sheep, who casting her Eye aside, and seeing such a mannerly Shepherd, perfectly Limmed, and coming with so great a pace, she began half to forget Dorastus, and to labour her pretty Shepherd, whom she did imagine she might both love and obtain: But as she was ruminating upon these thoughts, she perceived then it was the Young Prince Dorastus,

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Dorastus ; wherefore she rose up, and reverently saluted him : Dorastus taking her by the hand, repayed her Countesse with a sweet kiss ; and praying her to sit down by him, he began thus to lay the Battery.

IF thou marvel, Fawnia, at my strange Attire, thou wouldest more muse at my unaccustomed thoughts : the one disguiseth but my outward shape, the other disguiseth my inward Senties : I love Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh, I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt perform no less : I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst not but grant my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he ceast to be a Prince, and became a Shepherd ; and see, I have made a change, and therefore not to miss of my choice.

TRuth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear Cowls are not Monks, painted Eagles are Pictures, not Eagles ; Zeuzis Grapes were like Grapes, yet Shadows ; rich Cloathing makes not Princes, nor homely Attire Beggars : Shepherds are not called Shepherds, because they wear Hooks and Eags, but they are born poor, and live to keep sheep : so this Attire hath not made Dorastus a Shepherd, but to seem like a Shepherd.

WELL Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a Shepherd, I could not but love thee ; being a Prince, I am forced to love thee. Take heed, Fawnia, be not proud of Beauties painting ; for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossom. Those which disdain in youth, are despised in age. Beauties Shadows are trick'd up with times Colours, which being set to dry in the Sun, are stained with the Sun, scarce pleasing to the sight e're they begin to be worth the sight : Not much unlike the Herb Ephimeron, which flourisheth in the morning, and is withered before the Sun setting. If my desire were against love, thou mightest justly deny me my Reason : But I love thee Fawnia, not to misuse thee, as a Concubine, but to use thee as my Wife ; I can promise no more, and mean to perform no less.

Fawnia hearing this solemn Protestation of Dorastus, could
no

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no longer withstand the Assault, but yielded up the Fort in these friendly Terms :

Ah Dorastus ! I shame to express, that thou forcest me with thy augmented speech to confess : my base birth can't be the one, and thy high Dignities the other : Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my Desires reach as high as Princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a Shepherdess : But the Gods know I have honoured Dorastus, (pardon if I say amiss) yea, and love Dorastus with such dutiful affection which Fawnia can perform, or Dorastus desire : I yield not, overcome with Prayers, but with Love : telling Dorastus's hand-maid, ready to obey his Will, if no prejudice at all to his honour, or my Credit.

Dorastus hearing this friendly Conclusion of Fawnia, embraced her in his Arms, swearing, that neither Distance, Time, nor adverse fortune, should diminish his Affection ; but that in despite of Destinies he would remain faithful to Death.

Having thus plight their Troth each to other, seeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia, for that Egistus consent would never be granted to so mean a match : Dorastus determined, as soon as the time and opportunity would give him leave, to provide a great mass of money, and many rich and costly Jewels for the easier carriage, and then to transport themselves and their Treasure into Italy, where they should lead a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or else by succession come to the Kingdom.

This device was greatly pleasing to Fawnia ; for she feared, if the King his Father should but hear of the Contract, that his fury would be such as no less than Death should stand for payment. She therefore told him that delay breed danger : That many mishaps did fall out between the cup and the lip ; and that to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be, to pass out of Sicilia, lest fortune might prevent their patience
with

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with some new despight. Dorastus, whom love pricked for ward with desire, promised to dispatch his Affairs with as great haste, as either time or opportunity would give him leabe: and so resting upon this point, after many embracings and sweet kisses, they departed.

Dorastus having taken his leabe of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the Grove, where he had rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, binding up his Shepherds attire till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the Palace, shewing by his merry Countenance, that either the state of his Body was amended, or the cause of his Mind greatly addressed. Fawnia, poor soul was no less joyful, that being a Shepherdess, Fortune had favoured her so, as to reward her with the love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the Daughter of a poor Farmer, to be Wife to a rich King. So that she thought every hour a year, till by their departure, they might prevent danger; not ceasing still to go every day to her Sheep; not so much for the care of the Flock, as for the desire she had to see her Love and Lord.

Dorastus, who oftentimes when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his Fancy with the sweet content of Fawnia's presence. And although he never went to visit her, but in his Shepherds Attire, yet his oft repair made him not only suspected, but known to divers of their Neighbours, who for the good will they bare to old Porrus, told him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keep his Daughter at home, lest she went so long to the Field, that she brought him home a young Son: for they feared that Fawnia being so beautiful, the young Prince would allure her to folly.

Porrus was stricken in a dump at this news, so that thanking his neighbours for their good will, he hid him home to his Wife, and calling her aside, and wringing his hands, and shedding forth tears, he brake the matter to her in these terms:

I Am afraid, Wife, that my Daughter Fawnia hath been too forward, and made her self to sin, and that she will buy Repentance at too dear a Rate. I have News, which if it be

true

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true, some wish it had not been proved true. It is told me by Neighbour, that Dorastus the Kings Son, begins to look at our Daughter Fawnia : which if it be so, I will not give her a half-penny for her honesty at the years end. I tell the Wife, now adays beauty is a great snare to trap Young men, and fair words and sweet promises are two great Enemies to Maids honesty : and thou knowest, where the poor intreat and cannot obtain, there Princes may command, and will obtain. Though Kings Sons dance in Nets, yet they may be seen : and poor Mens faults are espied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where Kings lusts are Laws, and that they should bind poor men to that which they themselves willfully break.

Peace Husband (quoth his Wife) take heed what you say : Speak no more than you should, least you hear what you would not. Great Screams are to be stopped by sleight, not by force : and Princes to be perswaded by submission, not by rigour. Do what you can, but no more than you may ; lest by saving Fawnia's Maidenhead, you lose your own head.

Take heed, I say, it is ill jesting with edg'd tools, and bad sport with Kings. The Wolf had his skin pulled over his ears for looking into the Lyons Den.

Thus Wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a fool : if the King should know that Dorastus had gotten our Daughter with Child (as I fear it will fall out little better) the Kings fury would be such, as no doubt but we should both lose our goods and lives : Necessity therefore hath no Law, and I will prevent this mischief with a new device that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease Dorastus. I mean to take the Chain and Jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carry them to the King, letting him then to understand, how she is none of my Daughter, but I found her beaten up with the Water alone in a little Boat, wrapp'd in a rich Mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By which means I hope the King will take Fawnia into his service, and we whatsoever chance, shall be blameless.

This device pleased the good Wife very well, so that they determined as soon as they might know the King at leisure, to make him privy to this case.

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In the mean time, Dorastus was not slack in his affairs, but plied his matters with such diligence that he provided all things fit for their journey. Treasures and Jewels he had gotten great store, thinking there was no better Friend then Money in a strange Country. Rich Attire he had provided for Fawnia; and because he could not bring the matter to pass without the help and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his, called Capnio, who had served him from his Child-hood privy to his affairs; who seeing no persuasions could prevail, to divert him from his settled Determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the Cause, that within short space he had gotten a Ship ready for their passage.

The Mariners seeing a fit Gale of Wind for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delays, lest if they pretermitted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a fair Wind. Capnio fearing that his negligence should hinder their journey, in the night time conveyed the Trunks full of Treasure into the Ship, and by secret means, let Fawnia understand, that the next morning they meant to depart. She upon the News slept very little that night, but got her up very early, and went to her Sheep, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus; who tarried not long, for fear delay might breed danger; but as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance, took Fawnia up behind him, and rode to the Haven where the Ship lay, which was three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the Mariners was ready with their Cock-boat to set them aboard, where being couch'd together in a Cabin, they passed away the time in recounting their old Love, till their man Capnio could come.

Porrus, who had heard that Morning the King would go abroad to take the Air, called in haste to his Wife, to bring him his Holy-day Hose, and his best Jacket: that he might go like an honest substantial man, to tell his Tale. His Wife (a good cleanly Wench) brought him all things fit, and spunged him up very handsomely, giving him the Chain and Jewels in a little Box, which Porrus for the more safety, put in his Bosome, Having thus his Trinkets in a readiness, taking his Staff in his hand, he bade his Wife kiss him for good luck, and
so

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so he went towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune who meant to shew him a little false play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could, with a little Coffer under his Arm, to the Ship, and trying Porrus whom he knew to be Fawnia's Father, going towards the Palace; being a wild Fellow began to doubt the work, and therefore crost him the way, and asked him whither he was going so early in the morning?

Porrus (who knew by his Face that he was one of the Court) meaning simply, told him, that the Kings Son Dorastus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one Daughter, who was a little beautiful, and that his Neighbour told him the young Prince had allured her to Folly; he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straightway knew the whole matter) began to scold him in his talk, and said that Dorastus dealt not like a Prince to spoil any poor mans Daughter in that sort; he therefore would do the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest Man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the Palace, for the King means this day to take the Air on the Sea, and to go aboard of a Ship that lies in the Haven: I am going before you see, to provide all things in a readines: And if you will follow my counsel, turn back with me to the Haven where I will set you in such a fit place, as you may speak to the King at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnio's smooth tale; gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly Advice, and went with him to the Haven, making all the way his complaint of Dorastus; yet concealing secretly the Chain and the Jewels. As soon as they were come to the Sea-side, the Mariners seeing Capnio, came to Land with their Cock-boat, who still dissembling the matter, demanding of Porrus, if he would see the Ship, who unwilling, and fearing the work, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made this excuse, That he could not brook the Seas, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio seeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, Commanded the Mariners, that by Violence they

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should carry him into the Ship, who like sturdy Knaves hoisted the poor Shepherd on their necks, and bearing him to the Boar, launched from the Land.

Porrus seeing himself so cunningly betrayed, durst not cry out for he saw it would not prebail: but began to intreat Capnio, and the Mariners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate, he was but a poor man that lived by his labour. They laughing to see the Shepherd so afraid, made as much haste as they could to set him aboard. Porrus was no sooner in the Ship, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia, yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired her self in rich Apparel, which so increased her Beauty, that she resembled rather an Angel, then a mortal Creature.

Dorastus and Fawnia were half astonished to see the old Shepherd, marvelling greatly what wind had brought him thither, till Capnio told them all the whole discourse, how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King, if by policy he had not prevented him: and therefore now that he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger, it were best to carry him into Italy.

Dorastus praised greatly his mans device, and allowed of his counsel: but Fawnia (who still feared Porrus as her Father) began to blush for shame, that by her means he should incur danger or displeasure.

The old Shepherd hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sudden be carried from his Wife, his Country, and Kinsfolk, into a Foreign Land amongst Strangers, began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreat Dorastus, that pardoning his unadvised folly, he would give him leave to go home; swearing that he would keep all things as secret as he could wish. But these protestations could not prebail, although Fawnia entreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the Mariners hoisted their Sails, weighed Anchors, haled into the Dap, where we leave them to the succour of the Wind and Seas, and return to Egistus.

Who having appointed this day to Hunt in one of his Forests, called for his Son Dorastus, to go sport himself, because

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because he saw that of late he began to looze : but his man made answer, that he was abroad none knew whither, except he was gone to the Globe, to walk all alone, as his Custom was every day.

The King willing to awaken him out of his dumps, sent one of his men to go seek him, but in vain ; for at last he returned, but find him he could not, so that the King went himself to go see the sport ; where passing away the day, returning at night from Hunting, he asked for his Son, but he could not be heard of, which drove the King into a great choller : whereupon, most of his Noblemen, and other Courtiers posted abroad to seek him, but they could not hear of him through all Sicilia ; only they missed Capnio his man, which again made the King suspect that he was not gone far.

Two or three days being passed, and no news heard of Dorastus, Egistus being fearful that he was devoured of some Wild Beasts, commanded that a great Troop of men should go to seek him, who coasted through all the Country, and searched in every dangerous and secret place, until at last they met with a Fisherman, that was sitting in a little Cove hard by the Sea side, mending his Nets, when Dorastus and Fawnia took shipping ; who being examined if he either knew or heard where the Kings Son was, without any excuse at all, revealed the whole matter, how he was sailed two days past, and had in his company his Man Capnio, Porrus, and his fair Daughter Fawnia.

This heavy news was presently carried to the King, who half dead for sorrow, commanded Porrus's Wife to be sent for : she being come to the Palace, after due examination, confessed that her Neighbour had oft told her, that the Kings Son was too familiar with Fawnia her Daughter : whereupon the Husband fearing the worst about two days past (hearing the King should go a hunting, rose early in the morning, and went to make his complaint) but since she neither heard of him, nor saw him.

Egistus perceiving the womans unfeigned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, concerning such secret grief for his Sons wasteful folly, that he had so forgotten his Honour and Parentage, by so base a Choice to dishonour his Father

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Father and discredit himself, that wit, very care and thoughts fell into a quartane Feaver; which was so unfit for his aged years and complexion, and he became so weak, as the Physicians would grant him no life.

But his Son Dorastus little regarded either Father, Country, or Kingdome, in respect of his Lady Fawnia: Fortune smiling on this young Noblesse, sent him so lucky a Gale of Wind, for the space of a day and a night, that the Mariners lay asleepe upon the Hatches; but the next morning about break of day, the Air began to over-cast, the Winds to rise, the Seas to swell; yea presently there arose such a fearful Tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed up in every Sea: the main Mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over-board, the Sails were torn, the tackling rended asunder, the Storm raging still so furiously, that poor Fawnia was almost dead for fear, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The Tempest continued three days, all which time the Mariners every minute looked for Death; and the Air was so darkned with Clouds, that the Master could not tell by the Compass in what Coast they were. But upon the fourth day about ten of the Clock, the wind began to cease, the Sea was calm, and the Sky to be clear, and the Mariners descried the Coast of Bohemia, shooting off their Ordnance for joy, that they had escaped such a fearful Tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some Harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bade her be of good cheer: when they told him that the Port belonged to the chief City of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his Court, Dorastus began to be sad; knowing that his Father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the King himself had sought to betray Egistus; with this considered, he was half afraid to go on Land, but that Capnio counsellor told him to change his name, and his Country, until such time as they could get some other Bark to transport them into Italy: Dorastus liking this advice, made his care privy to the Mariners, rewarding them bountifully for their pains, and charging them to say, that he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia, called Meleagrus. The Shipmen willing to shew what Friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or he might wish;

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wish; and upon this they landed in a little Village a mile distant from the City; where after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their Marriage; the fame of Fawnia's Beauty was spread throughout all the City, so that it came to the ear of Pandosto, who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithstanding young and fresh affections; so that he desires greatly to see Fawnia: and to bring this matter the better to pass, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as Spies, and sent twelve of his Guard to take them; who being come to their Lodging, told them the Kings Message. Dorastus no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia & Capnio, went to the Court (for they left Porrus to keep the stuff) who being admitted to the Kings Presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his Majesty.

Pandosto amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia, stood half astonished, viewing her Beauty, so that he almost forgot himself what he had to do; at last with stern Countenance he demanded their Names, and of what Country they were, and what caused them to Land in Bohemia? Sir, (quoth Dorastus) know that my Name is Meleagrus, a Knight, born and brought up in Trapolonia; and this Gentlewoman, whom I mean to take to my Wife, is an Italian, born in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a Train with me, is, for that her friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapolonia, whither I was sailing, and by distress of weather, I was driven into these Coasts. Thus you have heard my Name, my Country, and the cause of my Voyage. Pandosto starting from his Seat, as one in a Choller, made this rough Reply.

MEleagrus, I fear this smooth Tale hath but small Truth, and that thou coverest a foul Skin with fair Paintings. No doubt, this Lady, by her Grace and Beauty, is of higher degree, more meet for a mighty Prince, then for a simple Knight, and thou like a perjured Traytor hast bereft her Parents of her, to their present grief, and her ensuing Sorrow; therefore until I hear more of her Parentage, and of her Calling and Education

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tion, and thou procure a Certificate out of Trapolonia of the truth of what thou hast related concerning thy self, I will say you both here in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whom rested nothing but Kingly valour, was not able to suffer the reproaches of Pandosto, but that he made him this Answer :

It is not meet for a Knight without due proof, to reproach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon Suspicion to infer belief; Strangers ought to be entertained with courtesie, not to be entreated with cruelty; lest being forced by want, to put up injuries, lest the Gods revenge their cause with rigour. Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these words, commanded that he should straight be committed to prison, until such time as they heard farther of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the Court with such courtesie as belonged to a stranger, and her calling; the rest of the shipmen were put into a dungeon.

Having thus so hardly handled the supposed Trapolonians; Pandosto, contrary to his aged years, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, insomuch that he could take no rest but cast into his old head a thousand devices: at last he fell into these thoughts.

How art thou disturbed (Pandosto) with fresh affections and unfit fancies, wishing to possess with an unwilling mind, and a hot desire, troubled with a cold disdain: Shall thy mind yield in age, to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace Pandosto, blab not out that which thou mayest be ashamed to reveal thy self. Ah Fawnia is beautiful, and it is not for thine honour (fond Fool) to name her that is thy Captive, and another mans Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand, which my heart would fain refuse: playing like the Bird Ibis in Egypt, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their Eggs.

Thus, hot desires turn oftentimes to cold disdain: Love is hyttle, where Appetite, not Reason bears the sway: Kings thoughts ought to climb so high as the Heavens, but to look no lower then Honour: better it is to peck at the Stars with the young Eagle, then to prey on dead Carcasses with the Vulture,

Dorastus and Fawnia.

truer: it is more honourable for Pandosto to dye by concealing love, than to enjoy such unfit love. Dost Pandosto then love? Hea whom? A Maid unknown, yea, and perhaps immodest, straggled out of her own Country. Beautiful, but not therefore chaste, comely in body, perhaps crooked in mind. Cease then Pandosto, to look at Fawnia, much less to love her: be not overtaken with a Womans beauty, whose eyes are framed by Art to enamour. Whose heart is framed by nature to enchant. Whose false tears know their due time, and whose sweet words pierce deeper than Swords.

Here cease Pandosto from his talk, but not from his love: for although he sought by Reason and Wisdom, to suppress this Frantick Affection, yet he could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a deep impression on his heart. But on a day walking abroad into the Park (which was hard adjoyning to his house) he sent by one of his Servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered these Words:

FAWNIA, I commend thy beauty and Wit, and now pity thy distress and want; but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus, (whose Poverty, though a Knight, is not able maintain an Estate answerable to thy Beauty) and yield thy consent to Pandosto, I will increase thee both with Dignities and Riches. So Sir, answered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a Knight that hath won me by love, and none but he shall wear me; this sinister mischance shall not diminish my affections, but rather increase my good-will; think not, though your Grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that fear shall make me yield my consent. I had rather be Meleagrus his Wife, and a Beggar, than live in Plenty, and be Pandosto's Concubine.

Pandosto hearing the assured Answer of Fawnia, would notwithstanding prosecute his Suite to the uttermost; seeking with fair Words, and great Promises, to scale the Fort of her Chastity: Swearing, that if she would grant to his Desire, Meleagrus should not only be set at liberty, but honoured in the Court amongst the Nobles: But these alluring Baits could not entice her mind from the love of her new betroath-

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to Mate Meleagrus, which Pandosto seeing, he let her alone for that time, to consider more of the demand. Fawnia being alone by her self, began to fall into these Meditations.

Ah unfortunate Fawnia, thou seest, to desire above Fortune, is to strive above the Gods and Fortune. Who gazeth at the Sun weakneth his sight; they which stare at the Sky, fall oft into deep pits: hadst thou rested content to have been a Shepherdess, thou needest not to have feared this chance: better had it been for thee by sitting low, to have had quiet, then by climbing high, to have fallen into misery: but alas, I fear not mine own danger, but Dorastus displeasure.

Ah, sweet Dorastus, thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, by too much love, procuring thy own loss: hadst thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadst been fortunate; shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken Kingdoms for my sake; No, would my death might deliver him, so mine honor might be preserv'd: With that fetching a deep sigh, she ceased from her complaint, and went again to the Palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and proffered pleasure with small joy. But poor Dorastus lay all this while in a close Prison, being pinch'd with hard restraint, and pain'd with the burthen of cold and heavy Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affections had procured him this mishap, that by the disobedience to his Parents he had wrought his own despite: another while cursing the Gods and Fortune, that they would cross him with sinister chance: uttering at last his passions with these words.

Ah unfortunate Wretch, born to mishap, now thy folly hath it's desert; art thou not worthy for thy base mind to have had fortune? Could the Destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine Honour and Dignity? Will not the Gods plague him with despite that paineth his Father with disobedience? Oh Gods, if any favour or Justice be left, plague me, but savour poor Fawnia, and throw her from the Tyrannies of wretched Pandosto: but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome Death. Dorastus pained with these heavy passions, sorrowed and sigh'd, but in vain; for which he used more patience.

But

Dorastus and Fawnia.

But again to Pandosto, who boyling in the heat of unlawful lust, could take no rest, but still felt his mind disquieted with his new love: so that his Nobles and Subjects marvelled greatly at his sudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto thinking every hour a year till he had talked once again with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his Chamber, whither Fawnia though unwillingly coming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar Speeches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

Pandosto.

Fawnia, art thou become less wilful, and more wise, to prefer the love of a King, before the liking of a poor Knight? I think ere this you think it is better to be favoured of a King, than of a Subject.

Fawnia.

Pandosto, the Body is subject to Victories, but the Mind is not to be subdued with Conquest: Honesty is to be preferred before Honours, and a Diam of Faith will weigh down a Tun of Gold. I have promised Meleagrus my love, and will perform no less.

Pandosto.

Fawnia, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice, as to refuse the love of a King, nor so ungrateful as to despise a good turn: thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou seest I entreat: my power is such, that I may compell by force, and yet I sue by prayers. Yield Fawnia, thy love to him, which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus shall be set free, thy Countrymen discharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I see Pandosto, where lust ruleth, it is a miserable thing to be a Virgin; but know this, that I will always prefer Fame before Life, and rather chuse Death than Dishonour.

Pandosto seeing that in Fawnia there was a determinate Courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without fear to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, he swore that if in a short time she would not be won by reason, he would forget all courtesie, and compel her to grant love by Rigour. But these threatening words no whit dismayed Fawnia, but that she still both despighes

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and despise Pandosto. While thus these two Lovers strove, the one to win love, the other to live in hate; Egistus heard certain Jews by Merchants of Bohemia, that his Son Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him fear greatly that his Son should be but hardly used; yet considering that Bellaria and he were cleared by the Oracle of Apollo, from the time where-with Pandosto had unjustly charged them, thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto that he should set free his Son Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her Father Porrus.

Finding this by the advice of his Counsel, the speediest remedy to release his Son, he caused presently two of his Ships to be rigged and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his Nobles, Embassadors into Bohemia, who willing to obey the King, and receive the Young Prince, made no delay for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sailed towards Bohemia; the Wind and Sea labouring them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three days they were landed.

Pandosto no sooner heard of their Arrival, but in Person he went to meet them, entertaining them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceiue how sorry he was for the former Injuries he had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends.

As Pandosto made report to them how one Meleagrus a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia, in his Land, coming very suspiciously, accompanied only with one Servant and an old Shepherd; the Ambassadors perceiving by the half, what the whole Tale meant, began to conjecture, that it was Dorastus, who for fear to be known, had changed his name: but dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court; where after they had been very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the Noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their Embassage; where they certified Pandosto, that Meleagrus was Son and Heir to the King Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; and how contrary to the Kings mind he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her, being Daughter to that poor Shepherd Porrus; whereupon the Kings request

Dorastus and Fawnia.

request was, that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murdered and put to death, and that his Son Dorastus might be sent home in safety. Pandosto having attentively and with great marvel heard the Embassage, willing to reconcile himself to Egistus, and to shew him how greatly he esteemed his favour, altho love and fancy forbade him to hurt Fawnia; yet in despite of love, he determined to execute Egistus will without mercy, and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who marveling at his unlooked for courtesie, found at his coming to the Kings presence that which he least dreamt of, his Fathers Embassadors; who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandosto Embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a Chair of State; Dorastus ashamed that his folly was betrayed, sate a long time as one in a maze, till Pandosto told him the sum of his Fathers Embassage; which he had no sooner heard, but he was touched to the quick, for the cruel Sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia, but neither could his sorrow nor perswasion prevail, for Pandosto commanded, that Fawnia, Porrus, Capnio should be brought to his presence: who were no sooner come, but Pandosto having his former love turned into disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these terms:

Thou disdainful Vassal, thou curst Kite, assigned by the Destinies to base Fortune, and yet with an aspiring mind gazing after Honour: How durst thou presume, being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? By thy alluring looks to Inchant the Son of a King to leave his own Country, to fulfil thy disordinate Lusts? O despightful mind! A proud heart in a Beggar is not unlike a great fire in a small Cottage, which warmth not the House, but burneth it: assure thy self thou shalt dye: and thou old doting fool, whose folly hath ben such, as to suffer thy Daughter to reach above thy fortune, look for no other meed, but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou that hast betrayed the King, and hast consented to the unlawful Lust of thy Lord and Master, I know not how justly I may plague thee; death is too easie a punishment for thy falshood, and to live (if not in extreme misery) were not to shew thee equity. I therefore award,
that

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that thou shalt have thine eyes put out, and continually till thou dyest, grind in a Mill, like a brute Beast.

The fear of death brought a sorrowful silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life, burst forth into these Speeches:

PAndosto, and ye Noble Embassadors of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to dye, I am yet glad I have opportunity to disturben my Conscience before my Death: I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true: whereas I am accused that I have been the suppofter of Fawnia's pride, and she disdained as a vile Beggar; so it is, that I am neither Father unto her, nor she the Daughter unto me.

For it so happened, that I being a poor Shepherd in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens Flocks; one of my shep straying down to the Sea-side, as I went to seek her, I saw a little Boat driven upon the Shoar, wherein I found a Babe of six days old, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, having about the neck this chain; I pittying the Child, & desirous of the Treasure, carried it home to my Wife, who with care nursed it up, and set it to keep Sheep. Here is the Chain and the Jewels, and this Fawnia is the Child whom I found in the Boat: what she is, or of what Parentage I know not: but I am assured of it, she is none of mine.

Pandosto would hardly suffer him to tell out his Tale, but that he enquired the time of the year, the manner of the boat, and other circumstances, which when he found agreeing to his account, he suddenly leapt from his seat, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his tears, and crying, my Daughter Fawnia! Ah my sweet Fawnia, I am thy Father Fawnia! This sudden passion of the King dyed them all into amaze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus, but when the King had breathed himself a while in this new joy, he rehearsed before the Ambassadors the whole matter, and how he had entreated his Wife Bellaria for Jealousie, and that this was the Child whom he sent to float on the Seas.

Fawnia was now more joyful that she had found such a Father, and Dorastus was glad he should get such a Wife. The Ambassadors rejoiced, that their young Prince had made such a choice: That

Dorastus and Fawnia

That those Kingdoms which through enmity had long time been
dellebered, should now through perpetual amity, be united and
reconciled: The Citizens and Subjects of Bohemia (hearing that
the King had found again his Daughter, which was supposed
Dead, joyful that there was an heir apparent to the Kingdom)
made Bonfires and Shows throughout all the City: The Courti-
ers and Knights appointed Jests and Turneys, to signifie their
willing minds in gratifying the Kings hap.

Eighten Days being past in these Princely Sports, Pandosto,
willing to recompence Old Porrus, of a Shepherd made him a
Knight: which done, providing a sufficient Navy to receive him
and his Retinue, accompanied with Dorastus and Fawnia, and the
Sicilian Ambassadors, he sailed towards Sicilia; where he was
most Princely entertained by Egistus; who hearing this Comical
event, rejoyced greatly at his Sons good hap; and without delay
(to the perpetual Joy of the Two young Lovers) Celebrated the
Marriage; which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto calling to
mind how he first Betrayed his Friend Egistus; how his Jealousie
was the cause of Bellaria's death, that contrary to the Law of Na-
ture he had lusted after his own Daughter) moved with these del-
perate thoughts, he fell into a melancholly Fit; and to close up
the Comedy with Tragical Stratagems, he slew himself: whose
Death being many Days bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his
dear Friend Egistus. Dorastus taking leave of his Father, went
with his Wife, and the dead Corps into Bohemia; where after
it was Sumptuously Intombed; Dorastus ended his Days in
Contented quiet.

FINIS

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